UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Tragedy—or Crime?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A United Church

By HARRY E. TAYLOR

The Church and the Young Veteran

By GEORGE E. FOGG

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1921 NUMBER 23

A CALL TO YOUNG MEN.

Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass we call wild oats?

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem today and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis in your destiny.

—David Starr Jordan.

"No man, unless he is blind, or drunk with optimism, can deny that Europe is very sick," wrote Phillip Gibbs, some months ago, after a visit to the continent. A recent speech by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York, indicates that this statement is truer in a literal physical sense than we had imagined.

"There are hundreds of cases of typhus abroad," says Dr. Copeland, "and so bad is the disease that one-half of the doctors in Russia have died from it. In the Balkan States there are not seventy-five doctors left, and of those there is only one to every 150,000 of population. In Poland, the disease is so bad that a train reaching a destination a short distance from where it started, carried a dozen or more dead."

The danger to the United States from such a situation as this, is of course emphasized by the Commissioner. "There never was a time," he says, "when the lives of our people were so greatly in danger as now." All of which reminds us that the Great War was indeed a tremendous success! We mean this literally. The business of a war is to kill, destroy, wipe out, annihilate; and the struggle from 1914 to 1918 did this particular job, and is still doing it, more completely than any other conflict in human history.

It is becoming clearer with every passing day that the movement for disarmament is no mere passing ripple of fancy, but a tidal wave of passionate conviction mounting steadily to the flood. At last the crime of the Peace Conference, its failure to translate into reality the desires and sacrifices of the common people everywhere to end war, is beginning to sink in. Men are awakening to the fact that, in spite of the defeat of Germany at such enormous cost, governments are restoring the same old world, and thus preparing another universal break-up of armed conflict between nations. The immediate instinctive reaction upon this appalling experience of disillusionment is the cry, at first feeble, now rising to a mighty roar of popular acclaim, for *disarmament.* That men have become suddenly converted to the pacifist position that preparedness is futile and dangerous, is not to be believed. They simply want some substantial result from the War; and they revolt against adding the burden of increased armies and navies to the back-breaking load of debt accumulated in the struggle against Germany. They want a new international order, which will provide not preparation *for,* but security *against,* war. President-elect Harding's announced determination to call an international conference on disarmament, shortly after March 4th, to do what the Peace Conference failed to do, is a statesmanlike recognition of what is going on in the world. To attempt this thing, is an achievement; to succeed in it, will be everlasting glory!

Representative Sisson, of Mississippi, believes in poison gas. He wants to spend $1,500,000 for it, and thinks it well worth the money.

"If we ever get into another war," he says, "I want the United States soldiers to kill as many of the enemy as quickly as possible, with the smallest possible loss of life to themselves."

In other words, the United States should make war so frightful, that "an enemy nation would regret ever having tackled Uncle Sam." Such words have an amazing familiarity, for, if we remember rightly, this was the kind of doctrine laid down by the political and military leaders of Germany in the days before the war. It was because the German people were infected by this philosophy of "frightfulness," that the rest of the world had to take up arms, and spend millions of lives and billions of treasure, in order to save civilization! And now that the battle has been won, we find that this same philosophy is still present in the world,

threatening its dire havoc to humanity, only *we* now have it, instead of the other fellow. People are much the same, after all. Given the same conditions, and we would have acted in 1914 not a whit differently than the Germans.

It is a remarkable bit of news which comes to us over the cable from France to the effect that Anatole France, most distinguished of living French authors, "has just announced his adherence to the communist party." To appreciate this action on the part of a man now seventy-six years of age, we must remember his ardent pro-war attitude during the struggle against Germany. Although a pacifist throughout his life, he espoused with ardor the battle-cause of his country, thus taking a position in striking contrast to that of his great compatriot, Romain Rolland. With the coming of the armistice and the peace negotiations, however, Anatole France was one of the first to experience and confess disillusionment. He found himself totally out of sympathy with the dominant "revenge" spirit of the Republic, and thus again in the ranks of the radical minority. A few months ago, he declared his conviction that Europe, as a result of the mortal wound of the war, "was dying." Now, by his announced adherence to the Communists, he gives clear indication of his opinion that there is no remedy for a dying Europe save revolution of the type presented in Russia. Whatever may be thought of this opinion, it is quite impossible to withhold admiration at this dramatic spectacle of an aged man thus placing himself in the forefront of the revolutionary movement of the time.

Arthur Brisbane makes effective retort to Dr. Frank Crane's widely-quoted declaration that "labor is the capital of the future." It is that, says Mr. Brisbane, but "it is a good deal more than that." Labor is not only preparing something for the future, but is also doing or experiencing something in the present.

> Labor is the life of human beings in the present. Labor is the people, and creates the next generation.

It is this great fact which makes the question of labor one of such overshadowing interest at the present moment. It is humanity which is here at stake—not "the capital of the future" merely, as Dr. Crane asserts, but the human race of the future as well. What labor gets today in terms of food, housing, education, happiness, is the test of what humanity will actually be in the years to come.

> "Anybody who thinks," says Mr. Brisbane, "that capital is the equal of labor, would pull a pocketbook out of the water first and let a child drown in the meanwhile."

All of which reminds us of the famous statement of Abraham Lincoln, which we can only paraphrase, as we are writing this "on the road," that labor is the superior of capital, and deserves first consideration!

Czecho-Slovakia, now in the hands of Socialists, is taking active measures to secure religious freedom. In this work, the women, who number thirteen (13) in the Chamber and three (3) in the Senate, are taking a leading part. A law has already been enacted abolishing the indissolubility of marriage and providing for divorce on various grounds. A proposal now before the National Assembly calls for the taking over by the state of schools and educational institutions hitherto conducted by monasteries, convents or other church organizations, and the general secularization of educational and charitable work. Most important, however, is the bill providing for the absolute separation of church and state. The main points of this bill are as follows: The Republic will not recognize or give support to any religious organization; all property held by the church is forfeited to the state and must be registered as such within six months; the members of various denominations may form private religious organizations, and the state will give them use of church buildings free of charge; all birth, marriage and death certificates shall be kept by state officials, and marriages be solemnized by civil authorities; religious instruction shall not be tolerated in the public schools. All this sounds like ancient history to Americans; but it is significant that *The Catholic World* is hostile to these reforms and denounces them as "anti-Catholic."

G. K. Chesterton, our latest visitor from over-seas, is also the latest witness to the death of Protestantism. "Protestantism," he says, "is going—has already gone the way of Arianism, Gnosticism and the rest." A revival of religion he regards as certain. But this, he adds, "could (not) possibly come through the Protestant church." Indeed he believes it will not come through the church at all. "It will come outside the church, through lecture-halls, books, discussions and newspapers." Chesterton's idea of the new religion is not wholly ours; it savors too much of medievalism to suit us. But his diagnosis of the present situation in the religious world is one of appalling exactitude, and yet only what any man can see for himself who has eyes to see! The organized religion of the Protestant churches, liberal and orthodox alike, is dying, or is already dead. A new religion is surging among the masses of the people, seeking expression in the typical organs of our time, such as public meetings, forums, soap boxes, labor organizations and political parties. This religion waits now for organization in a new church. To plan this church, and build it, is the appointed task of this hour!

That the majority of our young people today, even those who are well educated, are utterly ignorant of the Bible, has long since become a familiar fact. But how many of these young people know anything about other, more modern literature, which is equally a precious part of the heritage of the race? In a recent letter from a Sunday school teacher in a Unitarian church near Boston, appears the following passage: "Not one of my pupils, all in high school, had ever heard of Emerson." To say that this is startling, is expressing it mildly! Here are boys and girls brought up in Unitarian families of superior type, educated in the exceptionally efficient Boston schools, destined most of them for college training, who had never heard of that man who has done more perhaps than any other one author to spread the fame of American letters, and interpret the unique and distinctive spirit of American life. One wonders if these youngsters have ever heard of William Lloyd Garrison, or Charles Sumner, or Nathaniel Hawthorne. Is Bunker Hill anything more to them than a monument, or George Washington than a holiday, or Benjamin Franklin than the founder of the *Saturday Evening Post?* And yet every one of them, we have no doubt, is intimately familiar with "Babe" Ruth and Mary Pickford! We are rearing wonderful children these days. One knows not whether to marvel most at what they don't know or at what they do.

Tragedy—Or Crime?

". . . Western civilization is as much exposed to danger as on August 14, 1914. . . . It is a great tragedy."—New York "Tribune," November 18, 1920.

So the Great War was fought in vain! Here is the New York *Tribune,* most militaristic of newspapers, most cruel and intolerant advocate of war in 1917-1918, at last confessing that nothing has been accomplished. Ten millions of men slain in the beauty and abundant vigor of their youth—thirty to forty other millions of men maimed, crippled, blinded, sapped of physical vitality, stripped of moral and spiritual idealism—unnumbered millions of non-combatant men, women and children dead or dying of starvation, disease, exposure and despair—incalculable property and treasure wasted—incredible lusts and hatreds generated—vast territories swept with famine, bankruptcy and revolution—the proudest civilization ever reared by man tottering on the brink of ruin—and all for nothing! This is certainly "a tragedy"; but we wonder if it is not something more! Would not the word "crime" more fittingly describe the situation?

The immediate occasion of the *Tribune's* pronouncement of failure was the statement by Mr. Bonar Law in the English House of Commons of the collapse of the proposed Anglo-American-French alliance, which was arranged in Paris in 1919 as a kind of addendum of the Versailles Treaty and Covenant. The failure of the Treaty in the United States has of course made impossible any such alliance as was provided for in the agreement between Lloyd George, Clemenceau and President Wilson. Our government cannot, or will not, enter; and Great Britain has no desire to act with France alone. This leaves the French Republic to face an unrepentant Germany, and behind Germany an aggressively revolutionary Russia. For it is the idea of the *Tribune* that Germany and Russia are destined ultimately to work together, if they are not already doing so, in opposition to the victorious Allies. In such a circumstance, civilization is again "exposed to danger. . . . It is a great tragedy!"

This interpretation of what is happening in Europe, seems to us to be essentially superficial—as superficial as the orthodox notions of how the Great War came about in 1914. For the success of the struggle is wrapped up in no such ephemeral event as the establishment of a great alliance of America, England and France against Germany and Russia. Even so, however, this judgment of the war-makers proves the War to have been an utterly futile thing, and the supporters of the War the silliest kind of dupes. The thesis of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion," that war in our time must be as disastrous for the victor as for the vanquished, is here demonstrated anew. Take the illustration of France, for example! This nation is in as desperate a situation to-day as ever. Nay, according to the *Tribune's* idea of affairs, her situation is worse now than it was in 1914. Before the War, France was one of the most fertile and prosperous countries in all of Europe. Her finances, in spite of unwise imperialistic adventures, were strong. Against the perpetual menace of Germany, she was securely buttressed by that alliance with England and Russia which constituted the Triple Entente. Now, after a war which has hurled her traditional and dangerous antagonist to the lowest depths of humiliation and ruin, France finds herself ravaged, bankrupt, stripped of man power—with no gain from the struggle but Alsace-Lorraine, a shadowy indemnity, and glory, and on the other side the incalculable loss of both the English and Russian alliances. Nay, worse! Russia has been captured by the most insidious foes that modern civilization has ever known, and is effectually transferred to the side of Germany in the new international alignment now under way. With German recuperative power admittedly at a maximum as compared with that of France, what chance for security has "la republique" in the future? What has her heroic exploit of arms availed her? Why make such sacrifices and suffer such losses, to such an end? With this outcome of the struggle now before us, what wonder that the *Tribune* lifts its cry of woe and talks despairingly of "tragedy"!

Such interpretation of the situation, however, is superficial, as we have said. Nevertheless, we believe that the *Tribune* is right in its general conclusions, although for very different reasons than those which it indicates. Western civilization is indeed as much exposed to danger today as ever it was in 1914. Indeed, the situation at this moment is infinitely more perilous, because there is now added to the destructive elements existing in Europe six years ago, all the material exhaustion and moral corruption which have swept down upon us from the war. But the menace of the present hour inheres not at all in the breakdown of the proposed Anglo-French alliance, or the triumph of the Soviet Republic, or the recuperative capacities of an unrepentant Germany. All these things are beside the point! What is "a great tragedy" in Europe, marking the total failure of the war, is the restoration, or attempted restoration, in the Versailles Peace Treaty, of all those conditions of diplomatic intrigue, competitive imperialistic power, popular jealousy and hate, which have made the continent for generations past a huge pile of combustibles, breaking forth at more or less regular intervals into vast and terrible conflagrations.

What happened in 1914 is usually, and easily, attributed to Germany. The war, most people are accustomed still to declare, was caused by the aggression of the German military machine, or more particularly, by the malevolence, of Kaiser Wilhelm and his advisers. Little by little, however, we are now beginning to learn that this explanation is utterly and absurdly inadequate. We know today, if we know anything at all, that the roots of the Great War went down deep into the soil not only of Germany, but of every other great nation in the modern world. We may say today with definiteness that if the war had not come in 1914 and been declared by Germany, it would have come in 1916 or 1917, and been declared by England, Russia or France. The condition of the international world was simply that of anarchy, which is none other, of course, than that of latent chaos. Economic competition, colonial rivalry, imperialistic ambition and vainglory, armaments and counter-armaments, all centering in a so-called "balance of power" which was essentially unstable—these were the dynamitic elements which lay at the heart of our civilization. An explosion was bound sooner or later to occur, and rip the world to pieces. It was only an accident that it came when it did, where it did, and how it did.

Now it was to end this situation, which had been vexing Europe for more than a hundred years, and engulfing its people in ruin and bloodshed once at least in each generation, that the war was apparently joined by the Allies. The final cataclysm had come—or at least it must be made final for all those wretched factors of our militaristic civilization which were dooming the race to misery and possible extinction! Hence the talk about "saving mankind," "making the world safe for democracy," "the war to end war"—phrases which kindled the hearts of millions of heroic youth to noble enthusiasm, and for which they died in patience and unshaken trust. Outwardly, to be sure, the war presented itself as a combat against Germany in terms of life and death. The Imperial German Government must be beaten in this strife of arms! But this was only a condition of other and greater things. To beat and punish Germany was only incidental to the task of securing disarmament, decreeing freedom of trade and intercourse, emancipating dependent peoples, building a structure of international discipline and order, in a word of establishing such conditions of justice and goodwill between the nations of the earth, that war would be forever gone, and an enduring and blessed peace forever come. What was wanted, and indeed expected, by the peoples who were sustaining the battle-front in all the Allied countries, was an end to the conditions which had plunged them into this hell of blood and hate. And when Germany was overthrown by colossal sacrifices, they felt at last the way was clear for the realization of man's dream. A peace would now be written which would heal men's wounds, bind the nations in one great compact of amity and concord, and make wars and rumors of wars to be no more!

Then came Versailles! Of what this means we need not speak again in this place, for we have stated fully our view of the settlement reached by the triumphant Allies; and all that has happened in the last two years, has brought fateful confirmation to our judgment. The Treaty was one not of healing but of revenge—its terms were aimed not at establishing peace but at consolidating victory—its object was not reconciliation but military mastery. Not since Rome extinguished Carthage, as J. M. Keynes pointed out in his famous book, has a more terrible settlement been imposed by the victors upon the helpless vanquished beneath their iron heel. And the net result is not merely the betrayal and rape of Germany, the dooming of vast populations to horrid death from starvation and disease, the loosing of new oppressions upon helpless peoples as in Hungary and Russia, but the restoration, in even more acute and terrible form, of the very conditions of instability which precipitated the Great War in the beginning. After all the waste and destruction and death, all the suffering and irreparable loss, all the unmatched sacrifice and heroism, the world is back just where it started. Balances of power are again with us—economic and political rivalries again hold the center of the stage—war is again a daily possibility and an

ultimate certainty. The only differences between the situation today and in 1914, are these—that we have a League of Nations to add the crowning touch of hypocrisy to "the madness of Versailles"; and that, from sheer exhaustion and despair, the world is less able to maintain its uncertain equilibrium for any very long period of time.

Here is our "great tragedy"—or, as we would prefer to put it, our great crime! "Western civilization is as much exposed to danger as on August 14, 1914," as the *Tribune* says; but not from Germany or Russia, but from itself—its revenges and hates and bitter feuds. And now that the worst has thus come, we can see that nothing else was possible. We were only fooling ourselves when we talked of democracy and peace and brotherhood as the fruits of victory. For no more today than yesterday do grapes grow from thorns, or figs from thistles. In choosing war as the means for the attainment of our ends, we chose the one weapon which was certain to betray us. War can never bring us peace, or freedom, or goodwill. It can bring us, with victory, only the *war-mind; and the war-mind is capable not of establishing an enduring peace, but only of preparing conditions for the next war!* Let us not blame too much the old men who wrote the Treaty and Covenant at Versailles. After all, they wrote only what they had to write. The Furies drove them, as they drove Orestes, to madness and destruction.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

COMETH THE DAWN!

Cometh the dawn: ye men who know
Infinite anguish, infinite woe,
Blinded and scourged in a ghastly doom,
Yearning and staggering through the gloom
Of filthy war,—O Youth laid low,
Dreaming of clean things long ago,
Of Christmas eves and drifted snow,
Cursing the savage cannon boom—
Cometh the dawn!

All things end sometime here below,
Even hate and war; it must be so!
The rotting flesh, the riven gloom
Will vanish with the dreaded foe,
And peace will come and May winds blow,
And thrushes sing where lilacs bloom,—
Cometh the dawn!

The Survey. —*Brent Dow Allinson.*

SONGS AND DEEDS.

Doubt and fear and a word of dread
Can make the warrior hang his head;
Faith and hope and a love-born song
Can make the weakest brave and strong.

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

THE PULPIT

A United Church

REV. HARRY E. TAYLOR, MEADVILLE, PA.

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul." Acts IV. 32.

What a glorious thing it is to have *a belief* in something, to be inspired with a devotion to some cause to such a degree that all one's energies are directed to the furtherance of that end. One reads this story of the early Christians and is simply amazed at their fiery zeal in proclaiming the coming of the Kingdom and in preparing their lives for it. The message of Jesus had taken such a deep hold upon them that they had become changed men and women, burning with an intense desire not only to live the life of love and service themselves but to go out as missionaries into all the world and preach the wonderful message. In that early community of believers, as our text says, "the multitude of those who believed were of one heart and soul." Master and slave, peasant and centurian, artisan and nobleman, Jew and Greek, Roman and African, all came together and were one in heart and soul in their desire to save the world. Such an enthusiasm they possessed and such a belief in the gospel of Jesus that the Roman empire after trying by every means in its power to crush this new religion had at last to succumb itself and become Christian.

One looks back to those early days of Christianity wistfully sometimes and wishes that some of the zeal for righteousness and brotherhood which inspired those early followers of Christianity could be ours in this twentieth century. One thinks of all the jarring sects who bear the name of Jesus and longs for that unity of purpose that prevailed in the first century.

And yet it is the same world, with the same type of men and women as those who existed nineteen centuries ago. There are today millions of persons in every land who can be roused to the same high pitch of enthusiasm, though the fact remains that the Kingdom of Heaven is not their goal. We have only to remember the war out of which we have just emerged to be convinced that human beings have the same capacity for service and devotion as that which possessed the saints of old. When men left home and wife and children they hoped that their sacrifice of blood and tears might save the world from ruin and disaster. Women sent their loved ones to risk their lives and remained at home and worked with unremitting zeal in a multitude of ways to affect the same end. Other men, who saw from the first that the salvation of the world could never be brought nearer by the wholesale slaughter of millions of men and the starvation of millions, endured the torture of the prison cell rather than take part in the war. Even today, after the war is over, plenty of glorious work is going on for the service of the destitute and afflicted in Central Europe. Yes, the mass of men are still full of godlike capacities for service, capable of intense zeal for righteousness and justice although the world seems to be slowly slipping down the slope leading to Avernus in spite of all the potential goodness of humanity.

In my opinion there has never been a period in the history of the world when civilization stood in such danger as it does today. Some persons are of the

opinion that the war is ended and that in the next few years the world may settle down again to the state of affairs which existed in 1914. Believe me, in a very real sense the war has only just begun. The world will never again return to the condition of 1914. Either it will be something infinitely better or else this civilization will perish and be submerged as other civilizations have gone down. It is not possible for such a harvest of hate and greed and blood and tears to have been sown as was sown in the war and the world to go on just the same as before the war started. Today we are reaping the harvest of hate and violence sown during those five terrible years, and I do not think that the worst of the reaping will be over for a long time to come.

The glorious feeling of race solidarity which existed in each nation during the war has been dissipated, and today, in every country in the civilized world, mutual distrust and suspicion exist among all the different classes. There was an artificial abundance of many things during the war, wages were high for those who remained at home, and class hatred was forgotten in patriotism. Today, however, we are just beginning to catch a glimpse of the dark industrial days ahead, and some of us are obsessed by the terrors of these days. Already in Europe there have been revolutions, great strikes, tremendous outbursts of class hatred and in this country all the signs point to a serious industrial situation in the very near future.

Among the churches a feeling of general helplessness and inefficiency seems to prevail. In every denomination the people seem to be groping blindly for a message for a troubled and bewildered world. Whatever success Christianity has had in the past in solving the mighty problems of everyday life, today it seems to be absolutely futile in face of the vast problems that confront it. Some people go so far as to say that the church has failed, that it has no message for the complex twentieth century after-the-war world. They say that the religion of Jesus does not touch the intricate problems of today at any point. Despair seems to be the condition of many so-called followers of Jesus with regard to the most pressing problems of our time.

Is it not time that we began to take stock of ourselves and ask why it is that in this time of the world's need we have no way of salvation to offer it? How is it that the world has grown apart from the churches and that seventy-five per cent of the people do not belong to any Christian institution?

The answer is that the churches have been content to preach a purely personal and negative kind of religion, admirable so far as it went, but only half of the message of Jesus and useless without the other half. Christians in their millions all over the world have gone regularly to church Sunday after Sunday and have striven to attain to a certain level of personal character, but have failed to examine or even to notice the intricate social and industrial system growing up around them. Many Christians have attained to a certain standard of conduct; they have not been guilty of thieving, or gambling, or drunkenness, or adultery, and yet many of them are anti-social and unchristian in ways that discount all their personal righteousness. The employer, the merchant, and the mechanic thought that their duty to their religion ended after they had obeyed all the ten commandments and had no spots on their characters. The employer might be a sweater whose low wages forced girls on the streets in order to eke out a miserable existence; the merchant might use all kinds of adulteration and profiteering in his business; the mechanic might scamp his work and deliberately do less than his share of labor for his employer and yet all these persons would consider themselves insulted if one were to suggest to them that they were not acting in a Christian manner.

The trouble has been that organized Christianity has allowed a strict line of demarcation to be drawn between what it declared as its beliefs on Sunday and what its individual members practiced as members of society during the remaining six days of the week. In many, many cases men have been members of a Christian church whose lives have been anti-social—brewers, sweaters, owners of slum property and other types of people who gained their livelihood by unchristian means and still have been highly respected members of the church.

It is my belief that the church has come to the greatest crisis in its history and that upon its action in the years that are coming will depend its future existence as a church. All history shows that those organisms survive that adapt themselves to changing conditions of life and that organizations that cannot adapt themselves to their environment die. The church can prove its right to live in the future only by supplying the world's great need. Unless it can do this it will surely perish, and it deserves to do so.

The world needs the reorganized church of Jesus if it is to realize the kingdom of God on earth. The world today needs an organization interested in no particular class or section of society *as* a section or *as* a class, but in the welfare and solidarity of the whole. And the only practical proposition upon which all churches of all creeds can unite is the very thing that the world is crying out for today—the practical expression of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The Christians of all ages have been preaching this, you will say, and yet we seem to be as far as ever from the kingdom of God.

Let us face the problem seriously and ask ourselves whether after all we believe that the religion of Jesus is a sane and a practical one. Is the kingdom of God something vague and indefinite that we sometimes talk about and pray about and never hope to realize, or is it the only thing in the world for us, the belief that saves us from despair and pessimism? For my part, if I did not believe that the kingdom of God was a tangible reality which could be brought about by man's conscious effort, if I did not believe that the only way whereby the world could attain peace and happiness was by the adoption in our industrial and political life of the teaching of Jesus then I, for one, would leave the church and say that it was a hindrance and not a help to the world. I believe that the time has come when the teachings of Jesus should become practical politics and be applied as a principle to all the tremendous problems of our social and industrial life. Too long we have been Christians on Sunday and members of some particular sect or class for the remaining six days of the week. Today we have to justify our existence or perish. In the old days the call to be a follower of the lowly Nazarene meant persecution, hatred, oppression or even death. These early Christians had to take their lives in their hands

as they went about preaching the gospel of Jesus. Today, to our shame be it said, it is an easy thing to be a Christian; sometimes it even pays to be a Christian and attend service every Sunday. How many among us have felt that Christianity has gained such a hold upon our hearts and souls that our lives are spent in trying to get men to prepare for the kingdom? To prepare men for the kingdom! That is what Jesus lost his life in trying to do and that is what he asks us to do. Either the church must get busy on the proposition which most interested the founder of our religion or the church will die. We liberals in the past have had to fight a theological battle and our religion has necessarily been more negative than positive. I suggest that we put a new meaning into our word liberal. Henceforth let it be our function to go out as missionaries to all the other churches and plead for *Unity*, so that the only movement worth while may get under way. A campaign for the realization of the kingdom of God on earth! Let us say to the other churches, "If the belief in Jesus as the Divine Son of God helps you to work his His kingdom then by all means keep it, but for God's sake let us make a united effort to bring that kingdom into the region of practical politics. Our task is to create out of the welter of hate and strife a world where the rule of life shall be: "Thy neighbor as thyself." Instead of that motto of the devil, "Everybody for himself," we will substitute the practical teaching of Jesus in the words, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need."

Is the campaign for the inauguration of the kingdom of God a practical possibility? Is it possible out of a world of industrial and national strife to organize a society where mutual love and brotherhood is the only rule of life? Personally, in spite of all the blackness and gloom, I think that never was there such hope for the success of this campaign as there is today. For we have to remember this outstanding fact about our civilization that it is just because we are so interdependent one upon the other that there is so much chaos, strife and confusion. Never were the threads of social and industrial life so interwoven as they are today. A small strike of longshoremen or railway men or miners in one district of the country is felt by the whole community. We live in a world where scientific production has attained a perfection never before reached in history and yet the control of that production for the good of the whole is in a most chaotic and haphazard condition. The rule of society seems to be that every class should give as little as possible for the service rendered to it by others and extract a maximum of wealth. Yet the only sane and moral method seems to be that every class should follow the maxim of Jesus, "Thy neighbour as thyself."

My idea of a modern church's function is to appeal to all branches of Christianity to unite in a practical program of reform. We have to approach all the burning problems of the day not as Republicans or Democrats or Socialists, but as *Christians,* seeking to put into practice in ordinary everyday life the teaching of Jesus. The task is by no means an easy one, it demands much patient thought and investigation. But it can be done and it *must* be done if we are to justify our existence as a Christian church. "New occasions teach new duties," and the new duties imposed upon the followers of Jesus in this twentieth century are the solving of the social, economic and international problems of today.

My vision of the united church of the future is that of a spiritual power-house generating power to all parts of the world. Its cables would extend to every workshop, into every office, into the home of the financial magnate and the tenement of the day laborer, and wherever its power extended there would spring into being new ideals of society, new ideals of individual conduct and obligation, and a new dynamo making for the regeneration of society. Every member of this new church of Jesus would be inspired with a zeal for righteousness and justice which would in a very short time penetrate the whole of civilized society.

A few years ago the churches of this and other countries were united behind their respective governments in the effort to crush Germany. They showed that they were capable of uniting and forgetting the differences in the moment of national need. Can we not generate enthusiasm for the still bigger problems that confront us today? I remember a well-known writer on social questions in England saying that the mass of mankind were so much occupied in the struggle for existence that they had no time for spiritual or moral questions. I think that that statement will be increasingly true of the people in the next few years. It is surprising to anyone who has studied the problem how quickly industrial unrest begins to spread when once it shows itself in any one district or nation. Such will be the case in the next ten years unless I am very much mistaken. The virus of distrust and the partisan spirit are manifesting themselves all over the world and the tendency seems to be that all these symptoms of industrial strife are on the increase.

It is not the function of the church to ally itself with any party or group and adopt a partisan attitude. Rather should the church act as a kind of reconciliation board for all the conflicting parties. But whilst I am against a partisan attitude I do not mean that the church should stand aloof. Its mission should be all the more definite because of the fact that it is interested in the welfare of the whole. The whole purpose of my address is to show the absolute necessity for the united church throwing itself whole-heartedly into the conflict for a more righteous organization of society.

The resources of civilization today are tremendous; it is possible by the same exertion today to produce hundreds of times more food and clothing than could be done fifty years ago. As H. G. Wells says somewhere, "The only problem for the world is a scientific method of production and distribution instead of the anarchist individualism of today."

Surely the past six years have shown that there is nothing which mankind cannot accomplish in the way of organization if only the motive is strong enough. Only let the enthusiasm be generated for a new world where poverty, unemployment, slums, overcrowding are no more and within a very short period the chaos and confusion of today will only be remembered as a nightmare.

Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it a dream.
And, failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream
And all the world a dream."

CONTRIBUTED

The Church and the Young Veteran

The Church has lost and is losing ground with the young veteran. Why? Largely, I think, because of the searching standards that his overseas experience has given him. That clean-cut, clear-eyed chap has done his stations of the Cross, he has marched his *Via Crucis,* he has known his Gethsemane, he has suffered his Calvary, not once, but many times. He has descended into hell, and even though he be here on this earth, the breath of his breath and the life of his life—his "buddy"—has ascended into heaven. The lesson of the New Testament has a deep, actual and terrible meaning to him. He probably hasn't told you, this modest Crusader, that patriotism may lead him to war with almost a buoyant step but that it can't support him in the fierce "slog-slogging" of grinding combat, in the daily, almost hourly, fight that racks brain and brawn until it seems that both will crack. Patriotism isn't enough to sustain a man against the onslaught of disease, exhaustion and sudden death of modern warfare. A man needs something deeper, more universal, more elemental. And so this chap, nonchalant and careless as he seems, has felt that need and has gone time and again to the depths of his soul, has faced that soul naked, and its Maker, in the long, tense moments before the man-made hell broke on him—and in those moments has acquired an insight, spiritual and otherwise, that is as clear and deep as the heavens on a star-lit night.

Now, in ordinary life, when a man undergoes that experience, when he feels that need, when he seeks and finds that peace that passeth understanding, he seeks some minister, some pastor, someone of the cloth, and, if he is fortunate, finds himself through a man that stands to him for the church. And then the church stands to him as well for that peace. But to our young veteran when he met his great experience, the church came in no guise to help him, to point the way, to encourage, to console, to encompass. He fought it out alone and unaided, and he felt, and feels, that he owes the church no debt—no allegiance—for help and succor in the great fight. Rather the opposite, for, unfortunately, almost every endeavor that connoted the church to him became associated with selfishness and commercialism—with one exception only, in the despised and derided slum fighters of his other days. In the little Salvation Nell frying doughnuts under the crack of the shell, did he find one like himself—consecrated—and at the post of duty. Out there, "in the day and the dust and the ecstasy," the veteran fought his two fights—and the church was not with him while he fought.

So much for "over there." Our young veteran might have forgiven, might have forgotten all the church had not done for him in the field, if he had found that it had kept the faith at home, if he had come back to find that that spiritual mother had fostered and cared for his loved ones—for those women, his wife, his mother, his sisters, who had fought as brave a fight as had he, though a different one. If, I say, he had found that the church had fought as fiercely for them as had he, he might have forgotten all. But, unfortunatey again, he found that the church had not fulfilled its mission. For he found a country and a people when he returned that were lost in materialism, that had acquired out of the war, not spiritual regeneration, but money—a country and a people that the church had failed, in this great crisis, to lead into the paths of righteousness, and a church that had allowed and assisted in the practical ostracism of those he had left behind—a church that had failed in its mission to uphold, aid and assist, spiritually and otherwise, those whom he had a right to feel he had left as its charges.

I can make myself clear only by citing two instances, the experiences of friends of mine. One, a lieutenant, a member of a church in a small country town, left behind when he sailed a mother and a fiancée. On his return, after two years abroad, he found that his mother had died about two months before and, on going to her grave, he found it in a neglected condition, already forgotten. His fiancée he found married to a young man of the town who had avoided the draft, had made money in contracts—and who was an usher and an officer of the church.

Another officer returned to find that in the eighteen months of his absence his pastor had not even made a single call upon his wife, during that time of stress and strain when any day might bring the news of his death, found also that the ladies of the parish had slowly dropped her from their little social affairs, because "it is so hard to do without even couples"—found that she, too, had fought out her hard fight alone and without the church. And as a final and artistic touch to the spiritual fellowship of the church in their lives, his own first contact with it on his return was, not a note nor a call from his pastor, but a bill from the church treasurer for his church membership for the year that he had been "away." On the same desk with it lay, in silent rebuke, remitted dues from his lodge and his clubs. His name was engraven in bronze on the honor roll in the vestry of his church—but that was an ornament to "Our Church." His name was a vital, living force in that church only in its business ledger, and that on the debit side.

To his experience "over there" our veteran has added an experience back here that does not qualify but rather deepens and intensifies his convictions. He has returned to find that the church that failed him at his crucial moment failed also his loved ones in their long Gethsemane. He has returned to find that the church, whose connotation to him across was commercialism, greets him with the same commercialism here. He has returned to find the church that should be the spiritual leader of his country and his people led by that country and that people in its own crass materialism. The church has lost ground with the young veteran.

And the church is still losing ground with him. He has come back from his experience clear-eyed, clear-brained. He sees through half-heartedness. He thinks through to the end. He knows that the world—and his own country and his own people—need most spiritual regeneration. He knows that the church should be the spiritual leader and he sees the church failing in that leadership. He knows the lesson of the New Testament. He has learned that it is the hope of the world, learned it in the most terrible school on earth—war—and he knows that the church is not bringing that lesson home to the world in its easiest phase, peace. He sees that the average pastor finds more inspiration in the daily paper than he does in the

New Testament. He feels that the church is not carrying Christ's message and, by sad experience, he has learned that it, and those that stand for it, are not doing his works.

No, the young veteran is not saying these things. There are many other things that he is not saying as well, but that, as Kipling says, is another story. He is not saying these things because he is at home what he was "over there"—a clean, fine, upstanding, modest chap, who does not wear his heart on his sleeve or parade his feelings for the passer-by, but who does his bit, uncomplainingly and with a "cheerie-oh" for the other fellow who is "out of luck." But, make no mistake, his brain is as keen, as sharp and as silent as his bayonet—and does its work as well. He has tested the church with cold, blue steel and he has found it wanting. I surmise, if you could get him to tell in what, he would say, in that which decides all battles—battles of men, of institutions, of nations, of powers and of principalities—he would answer you in military terms and with military precision—"Morale."

GEORGE E. FOGG.*

SELECTED

A Seven-Day Church Program

In the leisure time programs which many American communities are working out, the church is being recognized as one of the most potent agencies already available for giving the people simple opportunities to play.

Recently I had occasion to observe several instances where churches are supplying wholesome diversions and recreation to their congregations on their premises. There are many such on record at Community Service, Incorporated, 1 Madison avenue, New York, an organization that is fostering the development of more ample community recreational facilities. Here is one example:

Portland, Oregon, in its interesting endeavor to become "a city of friends" (in the undenominational sense) held an entertainment in one of the parish houses and brought together the American Legion men and Canadian War Veterans, as well as many other young people of the community. This parish house is getting to be a community center in the best sense of the word. Athletic and educational groups are being formed here, and the church members are the most enthusiastic of all. Plans have been made for the purchase of a moving-picture machine. Informally conducted as the hall is, it demonstrates that the principles of the social center may be applied to almost any church community.

In the absence of any better facilities, the basement of the church may be opened for use as a recreation and social center. The well-planned church, with its parish house providing for every phase of activity, is not always in existence, no matter how clearly the pastor and his flock may visualize it or a future development, so that the basement may be the only available place to start with. But no matter how humble it may be, advertise it. It will be of little use to the church community unless people know about it. The opening of the center could be announced in the press as a matter of new interest and could also be given out in services and Sunday school sessions. Other means of bringing the fact home to people would be to enlist the aid of managers of motion picture theatres, so that slides could be run at several performances, and to put up posters and signs in various parts of the town. Even if all the members of the congregation hear about the new enterprise through announcements in church, others in the community probably want to know about it, and they are reached only through the newspapers and the other channels of communication mentioned above. It won't do to let the social center hide its light under a bushel.

The pastor, in touch with the most active of his parishioners, knows which one he can call upon to do this bit of organizing and which one he can depend upon to look after an athletic or social event. He has met the musically inclined members of his congregation, and he chooses them to help him in building up a part of the program for the new center. If he consults the various elements in the church he will soon be able to block out his activities for the entire week. It is impossible to present a program for a church center that will be workable in every kind of a community. It is believed, however, that the following suggestions for a Monday-to-Saturday week, being based upon experience of a veteran organizer, will be helpful.

Monday, coming after the day of rest, may be set down for the evening of athletics. It will be noted that this plan provides for activities after working hours. The leisure time field necessarily takes in all ages and conditions of people, but for our purposes the unfilled hours of the average adult will be considered. The smallest basement in a parish house or church building gives plenty of opportunities for games. Rubber quoits, indoor baseballs, basket balls, medicine balls and the like may be introduced by the athletic committee that takes charge of the center on this particular evening. The equipment need be limited only by the available cash of the members and by the area of the rooms. As far as that goes, the entire evening could be spent in an entertaining and helpful way without any apparatus at all except a small ball. The writer recalls an evening spent in Waycross, Georgia, where the young members of a church union gathered for games. Straddle ball alone occupied the attention of the group for almost an hour. However, a standard kit of equipment (which need not cost over fifty dollars) is available, in case the members of the church center want to develop this part of the work in a thorough manner.

Tuesday evening could be given over to a less strenuous form of endeavor; and in this connection popular singing could be encouraged. The value of community music is beginning to be recognized everywhere. Certainly it ought not to be neglected in the church center. The most beautiful pieces of church music could be studied, as well as folk songs and negro spirituals. An occasional organ recital could be arranged. The old-time village band seems to be going out of style in most parts of the country, and the bandstand that used to be an important part of the community life is deserted. But there is more activity in church and club orchestras.

Greater attention is being paid to developing the musical gifts of the average man and woman, and here the church center could render a valuable service. To have one group or Sunday School class contest with another for musical supremacy would add to the interest of the program on Tuesday evening.

Wednesday evening may be set aside for the debating club, the literary society or the reading circle. This would be a quiet evening spent in the company of one's friends and neighbors, with an occassional "lion" in the form of a poet or lecturer to be featured. The church center may do a great deal, if it is organized properly, in the way of civic improvement. In the Wednesday evening session some practical participation in civic life may be planned, or talks may be given to those who have just attained the dignity of voting. This form of service would also help the newly made American from foreign parts. As long as it does not get into the

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realm of partisan politics, this part of the program will be extremely important.

On *Thursday* night dramatics and pageantry may be taken up. To dress up and act seems almost instinctive, it is so primitive an impulse. Certainly no real scheme of recreation would be complete unless it consulted this deeply implanted desire. And yet this could all be done so as to appeal to the highest in our nature. Here is a suggestion made by an organizer:

"Develop pageantry as a part of religious teaching. Select or construct a pageant with a succession of episodes illustrating the lessons of the season. Have one episode presented each month, each by a different class. At the end of the session put all together and present the entire pageant for the benefit of the public. Keep and add to the costumes and properties from year to year."

At least one night should be devoted to looking after the interests of the entire community of the church center. And that could well be on *Friday*. On this occasion the center may be a club, with comfortable chairs and convenient reading lamps and tables. There also should be plenty of magazines and books. If possible, flowers and evergreens should decorate the place. The victrola would come in handy here. The opportunity should be given to play quiet games such as checkers and dominoes, and group games like pit. In short, the principle that War Camp Community Service applied during the conflict could be applied in the church center. Recreation on this evening should be organized in such an informal and friendly way that it would make every member of the congregation and every resident of the community feel at home.

Saturday night could be devoted to business. The center cannot be run without leadership and co-operation. Committees with competent chairmen must be developed. In athletics as in community singing and pageantry, there must be leaders. If they aren't in the neighborhood waiting to be called upon, they should be trained. There should be conferences and there should be plans for forwarding the work.

It is a serious business, this getting all the people of the church together for a whole week, but it's worth all the time and effort that can be put into it. The churchmen will hold their people from Monday to Saturday and will have no difficulty in getting their attention on Sunday. And is not the business which has been outlined here intimately related to the things treated of in church on the seventh day? Better Christians, better neighbors will be found in the congregation after these co-ordinated activities have been tried out.

ARTHUR DREW.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cowardice

Editor UNITY:

In your issue of January 6 the forceful article of Stanton A. Coblentz, on Cowardice, as the "First Law of Nature," contains so much erroneous reasoning (as I see it) that I beg space to point out the wrong premises involved.

Cowardice is not the first law of Nature; if it were the human race never had advanced, never would advance. If there be any one law that is preëminent, surely it is the law of evolution—meaning moral and spiritual evolution quite as much as the lower evolution of the physical world.

Slowly but surely, under divine guidance, as I believe, man rises to better things. As sons of God, on the way to become Christs, both individuals and races must advance continually from the lower to the higher, more and more conquering their vices and developing their virtues.

Instead of being a primary law, cowardice is simply one of a pair of opposites, like brutality and gentleness. No human quality can be named that has not its opposite, as hate and love, weakness and strength, ignorance and learning—everything shows duality.

One could paraphrase Mr. Coblentz's article, and make hate the first law, with love the abnormality, and it would work out in the same way, and be just as erroneous as his assertions on Cowardice.

That Mr. Coblentz is better than his theory creeps out in several places in his contribution. For instance: "We have conquered our native cowardice. . . . Most men refrain from crime not because they anticipate detection, but because they feel crime to be wrong."

This last sentence shows his unconscious recognition that to do right is the trend of evolution, and therefore a primary law. He knows that man grows toward the right, and this accepted controverts the rather plausible but specious pronouncement that Cowardice is the first law of Nature.

I am not writing this through love of criticism. If Mr. Coblentz were not a strong writer, his article might be parsed in silence. But just because he writes vigorously and pleasingly, the matter is worthy of comment, because many people imbued with Darwin's doctrine of evolution fail to see that evolution extends to things spiritual. The fittest things in the moral and spiritual world survive, just as do the strong brutes in the world of the jungle. In some dim, far-off future the entire race will be filled with courage.

If courage did not conquer cowardice and survive as the fittest, then the world had never known a martyr. Terrence MacSwiney and Gene Debs are modern illustrations of the supremacy of courage. These great souls advanced to a point where their sense of right was so strong that all personal considerations of safety disappeared.

It must be admitted that cowardice is mostly an unconquered vice or weakness. Yet the numerous instances of courage, in both physical, mental and moral matters, is so marked, that we can see the dawn of the Age of Courage.

Some day, not so far distant, the downtrodden and slaveridden of this globe will have the courage to throw off their chains. Cowardice alone now prevents.

Cowardice is a destructive thing; courage is constructive. In the long run the constructive thing wins, because it is the very essence of evolution.

CHARLES H. COCHRANE.
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A Letter to Dr. Fosdick

Professor Harry E. Fosdick,

Dear Sir:—

By the "clarion message" on the cover page of the *Christian Register* of July 17—as the editor well describes it—I am moved to write a few words to you, its author. I have been wanting to do so since reading your "Challenge of the Present Crisis." That book was commended to me more than once by friends who deplored my pacifism. Certain portions of it commanded my enthusiastic approval. But it failed at the crucial point—it did not show me why it was necessary for our country to go into the war. On this point, as far as I could see, you offered only assertions, not reasons. On page 53, for example, you say, "Force is evidently the necessary prelude to that capitulation." How "evidently"? To me it appears evident that force is the most effective preventive of that capitulation (to good will).

In the prayer on page 46 you say, "We lament before Thee the cruel necessity of war. But what could we do?" But you have not established a "cruel necessity." Fifty-six members of Congress saw no necessity for war when the President advised it, and voted against the declaration thereof. And was there indeed nothing else to do? Suppose we had called a conference of all the neutral peoples, and had appealed to the belligerents to make a peace based on mutual concession and condonation. Would that course not have been well worth trying?

You strongly imply that an objector to war could do nothing save stand aloof and let others bear the heavy burdens of war—"The first business of any man whose scruples will not let him fight is to find a post of danger and sacrifice in the common cause that will save him from the deadly sin of shirking" (page 45). Suppose such a man protests against war, pleading for obedience to the Master's precepts, "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you," etc., and by so doing takes the risk of jail—if not of lynching—can he be charged with "shirking" the moral obligations of the situation?

You say that "war at its best is a surgical operation" (page 46). But you exhaust your powers of language in denunciation of war. Now does any one ever denounce surgery as an evil? On the contrary, modern surgery is a great boon, one of the notable achievements of our age. Is not your illustration fallacious?

. . . . . .

You say on page 39, "Many things are worth more than physical existence, whether mine or another's, and when the race forgets that, the days of moral grandeur are ended and the doom of heroism come." But—let me ask—is there anything worth more than the physical existence of the *race?* Is there any noble moral ideal which would warrant men in exterminating the race? If you are able for a moment to ignore speculations on a life beyond the death of the body, I think you will admit that the suicide of the race would mean also the absolute destruction of the moral ideals the race has created in its long upward endeavor.

Similarly—on a smaller scale—it is esteemed glorious that a man should willingly die that his country may live. Well, suppose we all—every last living person in the country—should die that our country might live. Would the country live? Not, I think, so that it would be noticed!

Is it not undeniable that human life—and as far as we know there is no human life without what you call "physical existence"—is the indispensable foundation on which all the precious moral values which human life has produced depend for their existence?

Are you not—as William James used to say—"emptying out the baby with the bath?"

The lightness in which you seem to hold human life is astounding—"Any day . . . I may, for a woman's safety or a child's life, have to strip some man's physical existence from him, if I can" (page 38). For heaven's sake! How many times thus far have you had to do it? One would think it a common experience of yours, so common that every day when you enter your home your wife inquires interestedly, "Did you have to strip any man of his physical existence to-day, my dear? Tell me about it."

You know perfectly well that not once in a lifetime to one man in a thousand does the necessity come of choosing between the life of a fellowman and a woman's safety or a child's life. Interpose your own body, wind yourself around the legs of the ruffian, kick him hard in a sensitive place—that will be far more effectual than to try to "strip him of his physical existence"—unless, indeed, you carry a gun and are a sure shot.

My particular purpose in writing you now is to point out the "weasel word" in your *Christian Register* "clarion message." It is the word "permanently." You describe war as it deserves and affirm that a man who calls it "permanently necessary has consigned the whole race to hell." Very good—it seems as if you had really said something strong. But you must know that the extreme militarist needs not at all to insist that war will be necessary *always.* He merely holds that war is necessary in the present stage of human development, war is necessary since human nature is now what it is, war is necessary since there are various nations so totally unlike our own in being aggressive, domineering, ambitious for commercial supremacy, etc.

Will you give your opinion of the man who calls war necessary, leaving out that qualifying word "permanently"? Ah, then you will have to pronounce judgment on yourself! You held that in 1917 it was necessary for our great country to devote its tremendous energy to the hellish business of changing able-bodied men into corpses and cripples, and of starving women and children by a blockade. "What could we do?" you inquired of both God and man.

Of what avail now to denounce the man who says such necessity will exist *permanently,* if there be such a man other than one made of straw. If it existed in 1917, then it is humanly certain to exist again within the time of the present generation, and the argument of the militarist for military preparedness to put down by force the next nation that does wrong—if there shall appear again to be nothing else that we can do—is invincible.

The war is over, ended by the sheer exhaustion of the Central Powers. Practically all the competent declare that the likelihood of future wars is many times greater than it was prior to 1914. But the watchword of the Christian (?) supporters of our war policy was that we fought to end war forever. Is it not time to go into the whole question thoroughly, and to ask whether the war did not tend to produce results exactly contrary to the noble ends that our good folk hoped for?

If you and other Christian leaders whose patriotism is not under suspicion—as is the pacifists' patriotism at present—can see and will declare with all your power that war is *not necessary now, that* will be worth something. But you cannot take that position without declaring that war was not necessary for our country in 1917. If you hold that war was necessary for us in 1917, you cannot cogently argue that it will not, quite likely, be equally necessary in say 1937.

"War," you say, "is hideously unchristian." Can there be war if either side refuses to kill, and insists upon using the weapons of argument and persuasion, adopts the policy of "non-resistance"—which should be called super-resistance? Would you consider it "hideously unchristian" for a nation to disarm, announcing to all the world by disarming that in future it would put its trust in human reason and goodness rather than in "reeking tube and iron shard"? Would

a nation that should adopt such a policy suffer more seriously than France has suffered in its *victorious* war, do you think?

I should perhaps ask your pardon for thrusting my views upon you. I have tried to find a rational and moral justification for the position which you and practically all other Christian leaders have taken. It seems to me you are so clearly in the wrong that you cannot help knowing it. Is it not high time for you and others like you to say frankly, "We were wrong in justifying our country's war policy"?

Sincerely yours,

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

Winthrop, Mass., July 24, 1919.

James Gibbons Huneker

When James Gibbons Huneker, the critic and lover of art, died on the evening of February 9th at his home in Brooklyn, it was said that the audiences at the great opera houses and the crowds in the picture galleries shuddered. Mr. Huneker was known to thousands of people, he was a familiar figure wherever music, the drama, painting and literature were displayed. It will seem strange not to find him in the places he graced in his long and precious life. It is the passing away of men like James Huneker that brings to one the poignant fact of the steady progress of Time; it is the story of such lives that gives us faith in the ability of men to create and appreciate truth and beauty.

On the day that Mr. Huneker became ill, Mrs. Fawcett asked him to answer a question as to the name and content of his favorite story as a child. In his own delicate hand he wrote to her as follows:

N. Y. World, February 5, 1921

Dear Mrs. Fawcett:

The greatest story I ever read is the life of Jesus Christ as related in the synoptic gospels. It made the profoundest impression on my young fancy; it still fascinates me.

Sincerely,

James Huneker.

Less than one hundred hours later the gentle soul that at sixty years of age was still fascinated by the story of Jesus departed this earth and went forth to seek in the Great Beyond the Hero of that narrative.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

A Book a Week

Mary Badolett Powell Memorial

DUST OF NEW YORK. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Once upon a time, not very many years ago, a certain Roumanian gypsy came to New York. He was of interesting appearance, with a shock of very black hair and a large mustache (like Nietzsche's). He had an agile, rather radical mind, and an adaptable spirit. He was a good listener, knew how to be unobtrusive, and yet could on occasion justify his existence with a relevant remark in a good, round voice, speaking English with a thick but not unpleasant Balkan accent. He was accompanied from "the old country" by his wife and, it was said, by twelve or thirteen children.

The family settled on the East Side, was adopted by the neighborhood and absorbed. The wife and the children moved in the narrow circle common to newly-arrived Europeans; but from the very first the man —his name was Konrad Bercovici—was more widely known, one met him everywhere in Bohemian and semi-radical centers. It was understood that he wrote, —that he was a writer.

I met Bercovici first in the company of Horace Traubel; and I recall that we sat back to back at Traubel's birthday dinner, December 19, 1916. I never knew him well, our acquaintance never really ripened. I read his stories, most of them, as they appeared. I saw him at Whitman Fellowship affairs and occasionally at Socialist meetings. One day, several years ago, I met him in West 42nd street and walked across town with him; he talked to me on that excursion as though he had submerged his radicalism in a bucket of pro-Ally war emotion, he was fanatical in his love for France. All told, I suppose I have seen Bercovici a dozen times a year. And I have read about fifty of his short stories.

Taken together the man and his two books make, as it seems to me, a fascinating character study; as a matter of fact, we have a story almost as good as the best he has written.

Bercovici is, remember, a gypsy, a writer, a pro-war radical and the father and bread-winner of a large family of small children all possessed of normal appetites. The gypsy in his nature brought him to America. The writer made him a teller of tales. His radicalism taught him to know the secret path to the heart of the people of the great metropolis. His pro-war attitude won him friends in newspaper offices and other conservative stamping-places. And, lastly, his love for his family and his appreciation of their needs, prompted him to do work that paid. To make the latter point plain, let me say that his first book was "The Crimes of Charity" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) and that its purpose was to expose the anti-social activities of the great organized charity societies; he must have "applied for help" and found "a statistical Christ." There could hardly be any theme more radical than this. The second book, the book now before us, is a much different affair.

The first book was written to tell a bitter truth; the second to—sell. The first was literary propaganda; the second journalese. Between "The Crimes of Charity" and "Dust of New York" Bercovici made a discovery. He found out what O. Henry and Myra Kelly learned long ago. Stories about New York, Bagdad-on-the-Subway, the Melting Pot are in demand, they sell, one gets real money for writing them. Because New York is an El Dorado, a paradise, for so many, many people who never see New York. Men and women in Kansas, in Oklahoma, in British Columbia, who never get "beyond the horizon," love Manhattan with a passionate intensity. Perhaps they do not know it, but it is true just the same. New York is the place "where the wheels go round." It is the City Mysterious, the City Magical. What Paris is to the Old World, New York is to the New. And Bercovici, in company with scores of other writers, knows his New York and realizes its value.

I do not blame this gypsy raconteur for deserting propaganda. I congratulate him. I think he has "grown" in the years that have passed since first I met and read him. I enjoyed every word of "Dust of New York," read it aloud to my wife and small brother, a very critical jury; and they shared my pleasure. The things of which Bercovici writes are things that we know, his people are our people. The

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER TO PASTORS.

Headquarters Near East Relief
One Madison Avenue
New York, November 12, 1920

To the Pastors of the United States:

One Million Lives Have Been Saved!

The big-hearted pastors of the United States have contributed more to the saving of these 1,000,000 lives than any other factor.

Had your hearts not responded to the appeal of human suffering and had you refrained from presenting this call to your congregations, the annihilation of the oldest Christian nation in the world would not improbably have been consummated during the last winter.

The best estimate that I could secure from Armenian, semi-official sources, indicates quite clearly that not less than 500,000 persons are living in the Caucasus today who would have perished had it not been for the relief sent from America. If the far larger relief activities among Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, and others of Turkish Armenia, Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia and Northwest Persia are included, the total of lives saved will approximate one million.

Perhaps I can best visualize this for you by picturing one scene in Erivan, the capital of the Republic of Armenia, on August 19th of the present year, typical of the experience I had in practically every city that I visited in Armenia.

We were seated at luncheon in the Near East Relief headquarters when we heard a brass band in front of the building. At first we paid no attention to the music, but a delegation entered the house and asked if we would not come to a window in the front of the house. Going to the open French window we found that the street in front of the house was filled, as far as eye could see, with people. The spokesman of the delegation mounted the steps of the house and addressed the Board of Trustees of Near East Relief and the American people through me, in substance as follows:

"A little more than a year ago the streets in which we are now standing were strewn with our fellow-citizens, dead, or dying of starvation. At that time we were carrying from these streets 150 to 200 bodies per day, victims of starvation from among the homeless refugees, exclusive of citizens who died in the shelter of their homes. That we who are standing in these streets today did not also die is due to the relief that came from America in time to save us. We have assembled here today for the purpose of asking you to take back to America, assurance of our deep appreciation of all that America has done for us and for our country."

That this statement, made in the presence of hundreds if not thousands of his fellow-citizens, was something more than the impassioned utterance of a street orator, is perhaps indicated by the more official utterances of the following day.

The Premier-President of Armenia, Mr. Ohandjanian, was giving a dinner to which were invited members of his cabinet, heads of departments and all the leading officials of the Armenian Government. In the course of his speech at this dinner the President used these words: "These people would not be alive today had it not been for American relief," and practically every speech made at the dinner that day by various cabinet members and other officials, in some form reiterated the same fact and expressed appreciation.

Since returning to New York I have received an autograph letter from Mr. Ohandjanian in which occur the words: "America literally saved us from starvation."

Facts like the above are my justification for beginning this letter with an announcement of dividends that I feel confident will satisfy any investor.

Thousands upon thousands of women and children are living today who would not be living had it not been for this investment of American philanthropy.

Intimately associated as I have been from the beginning with Near East Relief activities, I must confess that I had no realization of the magnitude and far-reaching influences of its operations until I personally visited the interior stations on this recent trip. Near East Relief is recognized as the one great stabilizing factor in Armenia today. Without the aid of Near East Relief it is quite possible, if not probable that there would be no Armenia today, and this does not for a moment suggest, as we will have occasion to note later, that Armenia is lacking in natural resources, stability of character, or other qualities essential to an independent, self-governing nation.

By the vicissitudes of war the Armenians have been placed where they are dependent upon outside assistance, and Near East Relief has been permitted to render that aid.

Throughout Anatolia, Cilicia, and Northern Syria, it is my conviction that the hundreds of thousands of Armenians who are still living in these areas are alive because of the residence among them of Near East Relief workers, who are not only doing necessary relief work, but, what is possibly even more important, by their residence and American citizenship, are exercising a restraining influence over the enemy forces who would rejoice in the completion of the task of extermination of the Christian subject races. This was well illustrated in Marash, where, by testimony of our workers resident in the city at the time, approximately 10,000 Armenians were killed in February of the present year. Chiefly through the intervention of American relief workers a substantial remnant were saved. Today something more than 5,000 of them are being cared for in Marash by Near East Relief until such time as they can with safety leave the city for their homes, or for other fields of self-support.

Similar situations exist or have existed in connection with the recent disturbances in Adana, Hadjin, and Urfa.

Possibly even more notable than these centers where wholesale deaths and disturbances have occurred, is the situation in the interior of Anatolia where there has been no direct conflict between the Nationalist forces and the French troops. In Harpout, for instance, the Committee has in its orphanage approximately 6,000 homeless, destitute children under the care of Dr. Henry H. Riggs, and other Near East Relief workers. I have no doubt that these 6,000 children, to say nothing of the large number of Armenian adults living in the vicinity of Harpout, have been saved from starvation, and possibly from violent death.

(*To be continued.*)

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heart of the East Side pulses in his work, pulses in our presence when we read his stories. Why try to find faults, inaccuracies, mistakes in such a really delightful book?

The thing that I fear about Bercovici's future as a writer is this: He may fall short of his real goal because of too early, too easy success. His "stuff" *sells* now. He has learned how to write it so that it will sell. *The New York World* publishes a Sunday magazine section where Bercovici is, it would appear, always welcome. *The New York Evening Post* prints a magazine page every day where he often appears. He has broken into a charmed circle, he *knows* editors now, he knows what they want. In the immediate background stand the numerous children of his household, requiring to be fed, clothed and sent to "the movies." It is a great temptation.

I personally think Bercovici is capable of really fine writing. He has a little patch from the cloak of Balzac sewn on his soul. He sees clearly, and he can express his ideas well. If only he can keep his "kiddies" fed without making a slave of himself, he will do better than he has yet done. The man who knows New York and writes of it as Balzac and Hugo wrote of Paris, or as Dickens and Thackeray wrote of London, may have a laurel crown one day.

In the meantime, it is well that *The New York World* recognizes Bercovici's ability and employs it, because, after all, one must live. Our appeal is not to the good-intentioned, kind-hearted editor of *The World*, or to the courteous and friendly Mr. Liveright, but rather to the author himself.

"Bercovici," I would say, "I like this book. But I wish it were a hundred times as good."

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

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